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MUSTANG DAILY

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MONDAY

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GOON
ZOO

ISSUE

The case of the Toilet Peeper

♦ BY MATT BERGER
FIRST PLACE

MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1987:

MORRO BAY — A Santa Barbara man was arrested Sunday after park rangers allegedly found him hiding under a women's outhouse in Montaña de Oro State Park, the Telegram-Tribune reported today.

The suspect apparently arrived on his motorcycle and climbed into the toilet at about 5 a.m. He was planning on staying all day, officials said. Rangers hosed off the suspect and took him to County Jail. He was booked for investigation of loitering "below" public rest rooms.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1997:

MORRO BAY — I was standing outside the outhouse with my notebook and a park ranger who pulled Peeping Tom out of the shit pit 10 years ago. He was real quiet. Almost too hard to hear him talk with the waves crashing against the rocks and little kids with sand buckets and dirty feet screaming nearby. He pointed to the box. The door was open enough to see the toilet inside.

"He was down there," the ranger said looking away as he gestured toward the collection tank.

How do you sit inside an outhouse without puking your insides out? I can't even use one without wrapping the seat in inches of toilet paper. Or just squat, flex your quadriceps and hold your breath; but this guy was inside.

The trauma in my new friend's eyes convinced me. There was a real story here, about a man and his fetish, and no one wanted to remember it enough to tell. So that's why I was here, talking outside an outhouse. It was my job to tell the untold story. Piece it together with the people who were here that foggy Sunday morning when Peeping Tom first popped his head out from

the toilet rim.

Darkness had long fallen over the foggy coastline, and waves crashed against the rocky shores just below the ranger station at Spooner's Cove. It was quiet except for the sounds of the world and a few roaring cars passing in and out of the park. A distant putting of a motorcycle approaching the moonlit outhouses broke the silence. The revving engine grew louder, and a man roared into the dirt parking lot, shooting dust and sand in all directions, then stopped yards away from the lone bathrooms.

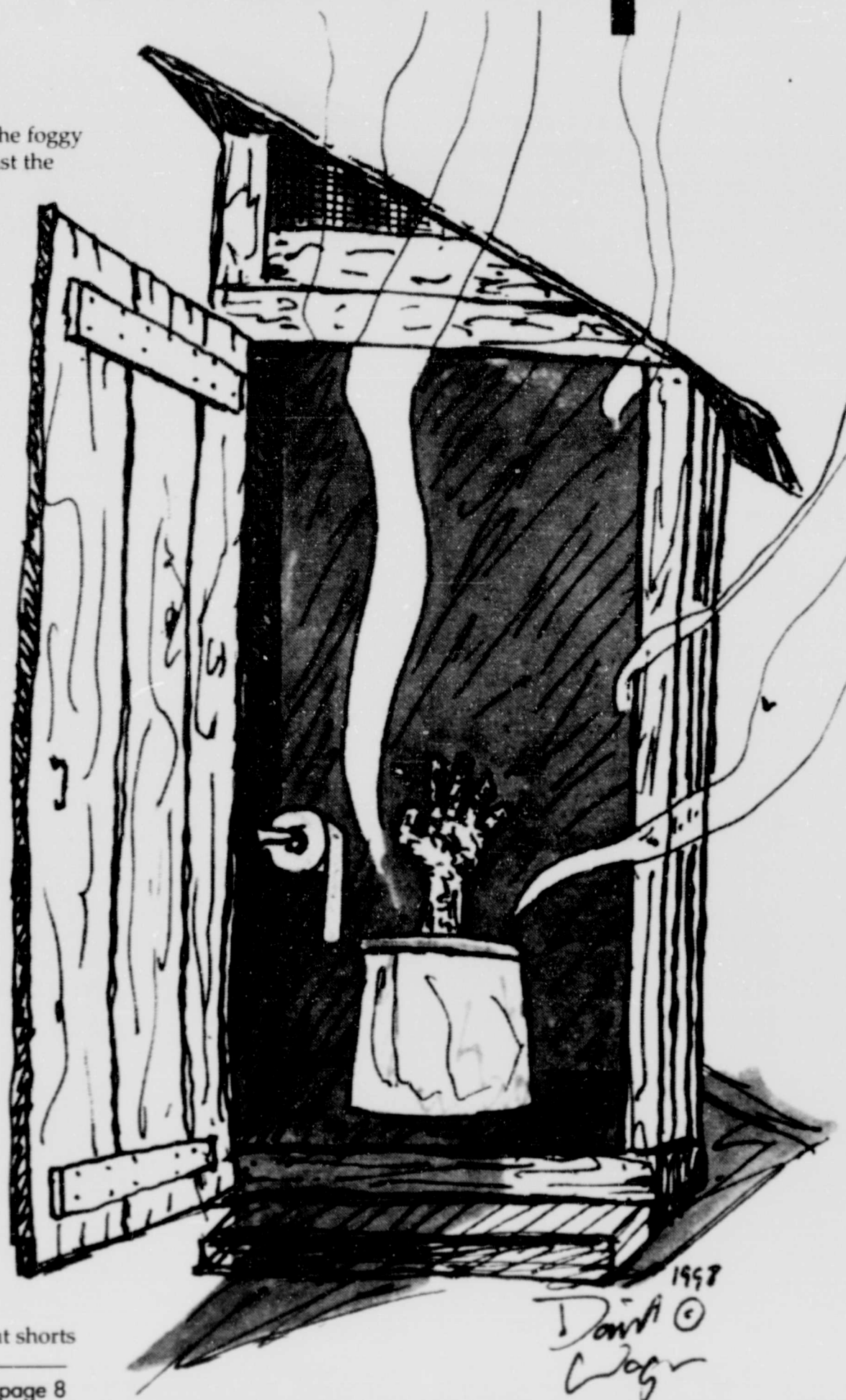
The moon revealed a passage from the rider's parking spot to the door of the women's outhouse; the man, still alive from his ride, followed the path to its end. Just in front of the outhouse the man stood empowered in the wild, open night. Unimaginable thoughts were whizzing through his head.

He opened the door to a dark, desolate box, reeking from the stench of so many days of collection, and walked in.

"He took the bolts out that attached the toilet to the floor and went through the opening," the ranger said in a timid voice. We were both inside the potty now and he was pointing at the floor. He was starting to open up to me. "He was sitting on a milk crate in a pair of shorts and tennis shoes, other than that he wasn't wearing anything."

No shit, shorts and tennis shoes? I kept hearing wet suit and scuba gear, or plastic wrap, but shorts

See TOILET page 8



~Desert city lust~

♦ BY PATRICK STONE
SECOND PLACE

Amid the vast twilight twinkle of desert-city lights exists an underground society within which high-energy dance rhythms flourish, boasting a definite style of their own ... clubs, drugs and image offer counter-culture adolescents and young adults a mundane salvation from a barrage of cultural mis-mixtures.

It's a place where fashion plays a junior role to attitude, and attitude plays a junior role to free-form physical expression. The city bleeds a dark, mysterious but ever elusive beauty.

In a raw world such as this, only the strong survive, or possibly escape, the echoing synergistic pressures of life in Albuquerque, NM. God only knows what brought me to this place, four times, under entirely differ-

ent sets of circumstances.

I first passed through Albuquerque in the beginning of December '95 while moving my mother from Houston to Seattle — forever our place of asylum — marking the tragic end of a 32-year marriage.

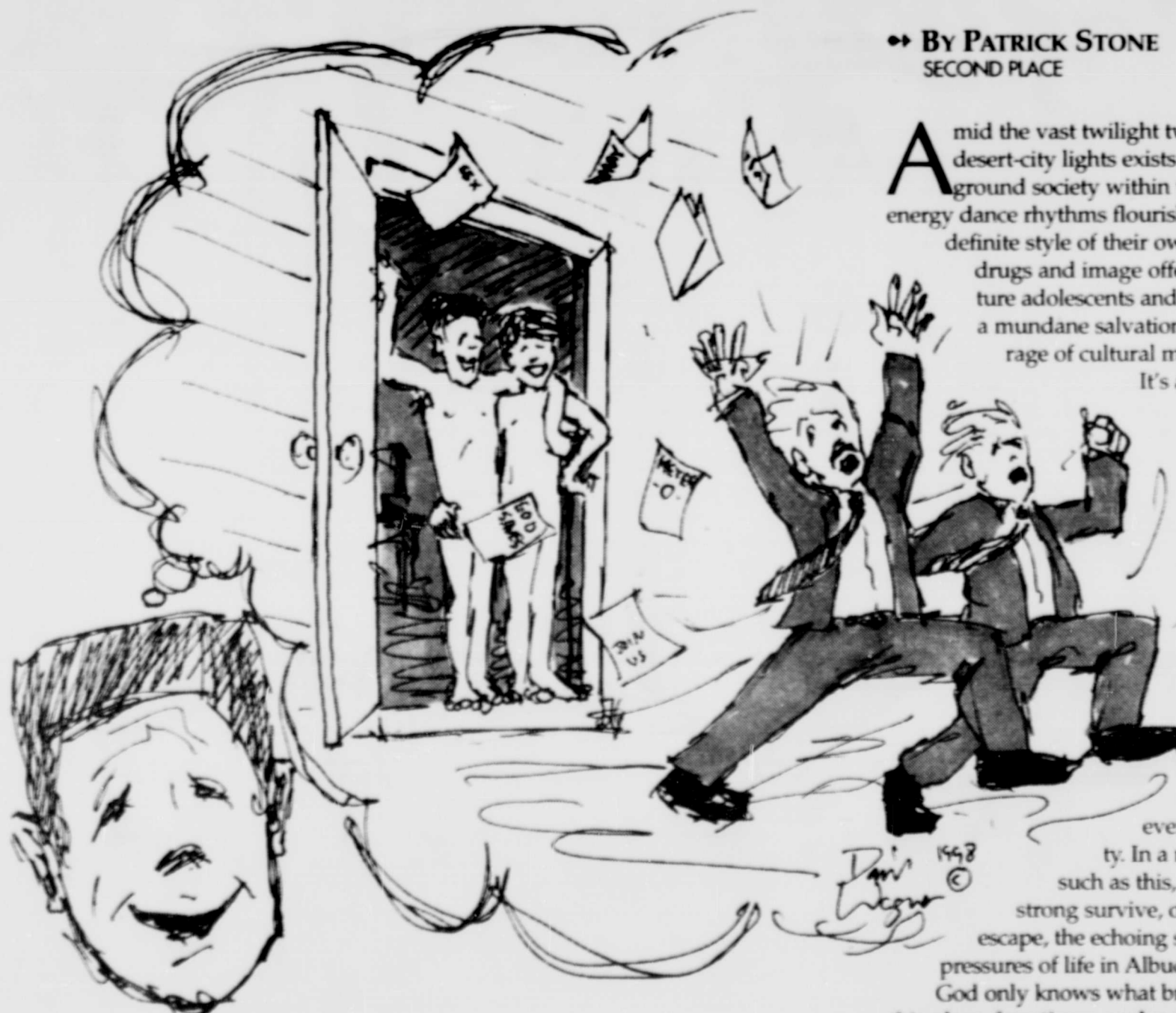
Chance took me back again last summer, once more from Houston, in an Explorer I picked up from Pops.

The third visit to this "Land of Enchantment" was on account of my best friend (since high school) Eddy, who'd transferred here from Seattle via the telecommunications industry. We'd both decided my Thanksgiving break from Cal Poly would be the perfect opportunity to spend some time together in this peculiar place. My roommate B-B made the pilgrimage with me, this time from San Luis Obispo.

We pulled into Eddy's parking lot at 8 a.m. Nov. 26, 1997. In front of his gray building, under a soft, gray sky, sat two empty Albuquerque police cars. All of this was backdropped by the grandeur of the Sandia Mountains. As we pushed our ice-coated doors ajar, nipple-erecting air began biting at us with fervor. Even wool and layered clothing couldn't keep this presence from hitting the bone.

Shivers engulfed our beings, forcing us

See DESERT page 4



Amazing Disgrace

• BY HADSHI "SHE-RA" HEBLEY
THIRD PLACE

Going to the Forum on any night is a trip unto itself. The name, which seems to indicate that something important should converge inside, means nothing associated with the Lakers nor Ancient Greece. No, this downtown meeting place is nothing of the sort.

That evening I sauntered into the one-room reception hall on Marsh Street. It dazzled with red ribbons and the smell of catered food. Miss America had stopped-off in our peaceful town as part of her whirlwind national tour to save us all from the cruel and misunderstood life-taker called AIDS.

Like she knows what it's like to suffer.

All my stereotypical notions of beauty pageant entrants and their diamond tiaras sanctifying all that is holy in this country were proven true on that gloomy day, once and for all. Before the show, the San Luis Obispo High School choir sang and danced with as much soul as their little hearts could pour out to a surprisingly tame troop of Junior

Girl Scouts and a handful of AIDS Support Network cronies donning their own red ribbons, so excited to hear the beauty queen support her noble cause.

The irony began. Miss America was late, really late. But when she arrived, everyone, including myself, blew off her disregard for precious time and was won over as soon as her pearly white teeth gleamed in the light.

As she spoke of her adventures around

the country spreading AIDS awareness, I listened to every other word, snapping photos of her receiving the key to the city and adjusting my aperture off her bright white suit. She stressed the importance of chastity and abstinence to the innocent, young blossoming girls who watched her with awe. But what about all those stories I'd heard of contestants sleeping with pageant judges?

One little scout asked Miss America how she could enter the pageant. Miss America's eyes became thin black slits, and as she answered the question her tongue became forked and serpent-like inside her ruby red mouth and I swore I saw some small horn-like protrusions swelling out of her tidy hair.

Her mission — accomplished — to extend the world of unwholesome wholesomeness to the little'uns. Straight from the heart of Atlantic City, amongst rolling slot machines, crumpled-up ATM transaction sheets registering a zero balance and couples learning about the birds and the bees under the boardwalk, she came.

My mission — underway — to get a soundbite and photo of this six-foot crusader of decadence and queen of congeniality.

Across the room the smell from the pile of hot pizza and grilled cheese sandwiches wafted into my nose. I resisted temptation to plan my strategy.

The Girl Scouts became my first target. "So," I asked a cute little scout with two long braids touching either shoulder, "What do you think of Miss America?"

"She's really pretty," was the answer I got. My smile masked my disappointment. "Did you like her talk?" I asked. "Yes," she replied shyly. Yeah, I bet she really liked

that preaching about chastity.

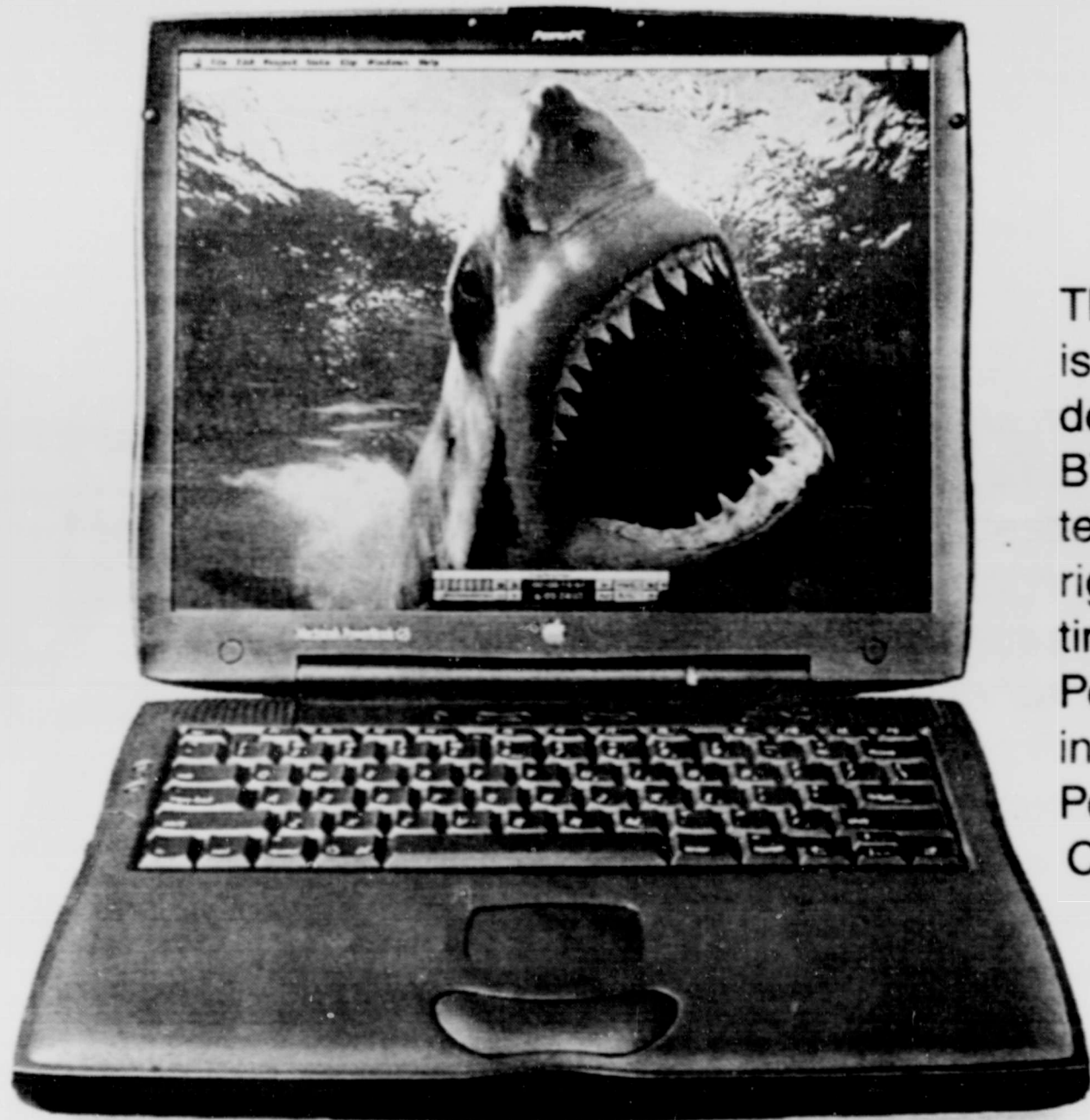
OK. I've never been one to get good quotes from kids. I moved on to my next target: one spokesperson who was excited to have Miss America in town. If she didn't give me a good quote I'd have to go the devil herself. Good God, I thought, give me a quote! After introducing myself, I asked her what it was like having Miss America, a celebrity, come to town, grace us with her tacky white suit trimmed with gold and a plastic smile, in support of AIDS awareness.

I looked up at this woman leaning over me from the small stage. Now it's been said that a mustache can be sexy — on the right man. Hers was, well, in urgent need of electrolysis.

Her words, seemingly muffled by the mass of hair, began to emerge in answer of my question. But her mutterings weren't as important as the foul stench which seeped out of her mouth. Hoping my face wasn't squirming as my insides were, I smiled and nodded, (wanting to fumble through my pockets for a spare breath mint) like a good reporter for five solid minutes. Repulsed, I hastily fled the toxic fumes and, with a heavy heart, confronted my fate.

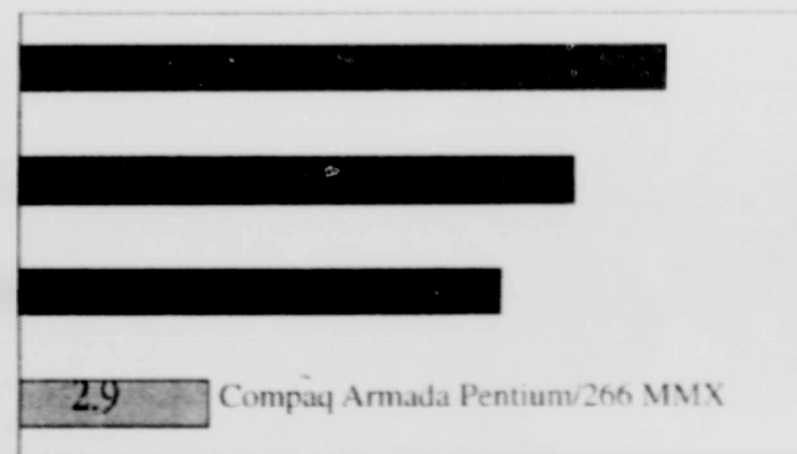
There she was, an ear-to-ear smile, as

See **DISGRACE** page 11



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DESERT

from page 2

into straight-jacket poses. Convulsing with cold, we tottered up to the front door, earlier than anticipated, on this frosty autumn morning ... still stoned from our stop in Gallup.

It took about five minutes for the sleepy-eyed Eddy to cautiously answer his door. To his surprise, he found on his step two California fashion refugees -- myself standing in jeans, a white V-neck T-shirt, a yellow (with black barbs) wool ranch jacket, a matching leopard scarf Hollywood-tied about the neck, and blue-lensed sunglasses with nerdy, black frames. Standing to my right were a pair of dark blue overalls, a white T-shirt, a pimp black leather jacket and sunglasses, all of which adorned B-B, also wearing a scarf -- a pink one tied girlishly around her head.

"Welll hellooooo, sweetie-darlings!" Eddy exclaimed as he rubbed the sand from his tired eyes. "Patrick, you're looking as thin and gorgeous as ever before! And B-B -- I didn't think you guys were gonna get here until later on this afternoon! I'm supposed to go into work today--"

"You are thin and gorgeous, sweetie! We were actually planning on resting up today after our thousand-mile trek," I responded as we hugged, giving one another a few firm slaps on the back. "You got any rum? And can we come in and get warm?"

As he and B-B hugged, my response finally registered with Eddy. "Oh! Yes, please come in -- I'm sorry."

Drawn blinds allowed a limited amount of light to seep into the apartment. Eddy lit some candles and turned one of his art deco lamps up to a dim level. The apartment began to glow gold. B-B and I made ourselves comfortable on the giant, pine-colored "sinky-sofa."

While Eddy poured some stiff drinks, I loaded a pipe with a pinch of green bud.

"Cheers," he said, "I'm SO glad you guys are here!"

Eddy and I reminisced for a while about our high school "daze" while B-B sat and listened.

"Hey Patrick, you remember that time when you put that 10,000 pound weight limit sign in front of Courtney Craiger's bedroom window?!" he asked with a devilish grin.

"Eddy, I did nothing of the sort! Really B-B, I have NO idea what he's talking about." I really hadn't had any part of what Eddy was accusing me of.

B-B shook her head in disbelief.

"OK, OK ... who was the one who put a dead beaver on the back of his ex-girlfriend's Honda, and waited in the parking lot after school to take photographs ... humm, Eddy?"

"What?!" B-B asked. "You did?"



"That was a LONG time ago--"

After a drink or two, and a spent bowl, Eddy called into work sick while B-B and I sprawled out about the apartment and drifted off to sleep. It seemed like it'd only been about two seconds since I'd fallen unconscious when repeated poundings on the door called.

Eddy tip-toed into the living room to warn me of potential danger. "Psst. Patrick, look through the peep hole and tell me what you see."

I struggled as quietly as I could to my feet, stumbled over to the door and peered through the hole. The bubbled images of two straight-standing male figures, wearing white-collar shirts, black pants and sunglasses, peered right back at me. They looked like federal agents, or Men in Black.

I whispered back to Eddy, "It's them."

They were missionaries hired by Eddy's mom when he moved down here from Seattle. Their mission: to convert Eddy not only back to the Church of Jesus Christ and Latter Day Saints, but also back to heterosexuality.

"Patrick, step away from the door," Eddy

ordered, still in a whisper. "Come quietly into the bedroom and don't look back."

I did as he'd asked. B-B sat up quietly, still under bed covers, and asked what we were to do about the missionaries. My first idea involved Eddy and I answering the door naked, arms draped around one another, lit cigarettes dangling from our lips. Then the idea of frost nipping at the crotch forced me to just close the bedroom door and lock it.

"The last time they stopped by, they waited at my door for over an hour. It's like they knew I was home," Eddy explained. "We just can't answer the door or make any noise. I already made that mistake once without knowing what I was doing. They came by at seven-in-the-fucking morning the day after I moved in. Of course I had NO idea who'd be stopping by at that hour."

"Right, you probably thought it was your neighbor Howard just getting off work, hoping to do the same with you," I remarked.

"Anyway," Eddy continued with a glare, "they stood in the doorway, letting all the cold air in, and rambled on about how a man shall not lay with another man, and about how I could find salvation through the church."

The three of us remained in hiding for more than an hour, prisoners in Eddy's apartment, trying in vain to hold back our laughter about the situation.

Night fell quickly as we spent most of the day in bed, chatting about this, that 'n' the other.

Later, we ventured down to Central Avenue, the trendy heart of Albuquerque, got a cup of coffee at the Double Rainbow (a "family" [gay] owned café) and did some thrifting. We were trying to find the perfect attire for our night out at what was suitably known as Pulse, a selective dance outfit with retro, rock-wall/red-boothed interior and music which could put practically any L.A. or S.F. club jockey to shame. On nights like the one on which we first went, Wednesdays, Pulse has a particularly interesting venue known locally as SPACE ... trance and ambi-

ent rhythms

flirt with techno in a really movable manner.

Quite a line had formed out in front of the club. I was shaking from arctic breezes as well as nerves at the thought that Howard, Eddy's neighbor, would possibly be meeting us -- you-know-who was trying to set us up. I wasn't really interested ... besides I had a boyfriend awaiting my return to the pristine Central Coast. No, actually we'd only been dating for a couple weeks. A passionate friend.

Anyway, we were finally admitted. Mostly frozen, we slid into the lobby area to thaw.

The club was very dark, except for the sheets and swings hanging from the ceiling above the stage area, raised above the dance pit and go-go podiums, the area illuminated by only a few large black-lights, lasers and smoke, disco balls and other visual effects.

In procession, we marched over to the bar and ordered some drinks. There were at least three full, open bars at the club that night; some nights there've been up to six. All the tenders were buff, shirtless men, almost by virtue advertising what genre of club we were in. A chain-link fence reached up to the ceiling from the bar-area boundary, separating the dance floor from the bar. Looked like an 18-and-over scene. One conscious whiff of the air and indeed it was such a place. Stale, pungent attitude permeated from the dance floor, a place which took the appearance of a forest of unorderly-branched, unprootable trees of color being blown by hurricane-force winds. The local flora ranged in age from 16 to 37, and treaded below what appeared to be four or five Greek Olympians wearing G-strings and dollar bills.

At the time, though, nothing about the club mattered more than talk amongst a couple of good friends. Eddy ordered us some more drinks, "three scotches on a rock with a twist of nuthin'," and we stood and chatted at a railing overlooking a sunken area of tall, round-tables and barstools. Different color,

See DESERT page 7

Going Gonzo

Editor's note: Thanks for picking up Mustang Daily's second-annual Gonzo journalism issue. Gonzo is a genre of journalism fathered by Hunter S. Thompson.

Hernan Reyes wrote in "Detours": "Reporters are not supposed to be biased, invent facts or turn in their articles without a lot of revision, but that is exactly what made Hunter S. Thompson a famous journalist and the originator of Gonzo journalism."

The reporter, rather than being "impartial," is the center of Gonzo journalism. The reporter's sensory experiences are the story.

Thompson has published several compilations of his Gonzo stories and con-



Hunter S. Thompson

tributes to "Rolling Stone" and other publications. A movie version of his 1971 "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: A savage journey into the heart of the American Dream" is currently playing on the big screen.

Our writers, following Thompson's pattern, created works that, after reading, will make you sit back and ponder what is true and what is invented material and biased commentary.

Happy reading, and pondering.

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Carrot Man the clandestine anti-lover super-hero of San Luis Obispo

♦ BY FOAAD KHOSMOOD
HONORABLE MENTION

It was around Saturday midnight.

We're walking down the creek. Passing benches left and right. We finally hit the last one by the huge rock and the straight-out-of-a-fairy-tale-looking tree right next to it, under the bridge, across from Rhythm Cafe. It's dark enough that the drunk freshmen (I can tell by their immature dialogue) passing by at the top can't see us. She kisses me. A tiny suggestive kiss. A kiss that set the stage for what would've happened had what was about to happen not happened. But it did and it tore a permanent scar in the fabric of our relationship and perhaps our lives.

I kissed her back, caressing her arms (an act of caring, if you run your hands up and down her arms, she feels protected and warm.) Suddenly something taps me on the shoulder. I jump up and look back. It was like a rock or something. She noticed it too, but whatever it was disappeared into the darkness. I dismiss it as something someone had kicked down the river while drunk. No big deal, this is no reason to stop. I get back to my business. BANG. There's another one. Misses my head by about four inches. What the hell is this? I look around, see no one. She's a bit scared, but is keeping herself and me calm with bad jokes. "Bird dropping?" I ask. Whatever it was, it was getting annoying and was obviously more than a coincidence. When the third one hit my head, I was sure it was a sign of intelligent life. Still I didn't want it to ruin the mood. We get up and slowly walk down the creek in each other's arms.

Who are they? I ask in my mind. What do they want from me? We stop and look at each other under the moonlight. The mood is once again perfect and we close in our heads for another kiss. BANG! Once again something missed my back by a couple of inches. It's obvious it's either someone behind the bushes outside of the stores across the creek, or it's a testosterone-sensing robot shooting device carefully hidden in the rocks somewhere. I HAVE heard that the retired population of the city is not too fond of college students and their "activities." Could they have hired ex-soviet espionage specialists to build a machine that makes sure no one makes out by the creek? I look around real carefully (this time putting my glasses on). I yell out "is there anybody out there?" No response. I look over the rock behind me. There it was in front of that rock. Whatever it was thrown at me. It looks like a small dark reddish cylinder. I pick it up. It's a sliced piece of carrot! How strange! If I were to construct a robot according to specifications mentioned above, I would probably want it to have a renewable supply of ammunition too, so... BANG... Another one hits me in the foot. "I saw something move!" She looks at me, seriously scared. She points to a bush up in the opposite side of the creek. It was around where Cisco's sandwiches has tables. "Was it a person?"

"Yea I think so ... it was something white, I think it was his shirt." I am certain it was either a man or an estranged mutant rabbit.

I feel brave. I hold her hand and walk up the stairs and across the bridge to where she saw the activity. At this point, my safety and even hers is not as important as making sure whoever ruined this evening for me pays. We're walking along the top shore of the creek, behind the bushes where she saw the thing move. There's nothing. Maybe she was hallucinating. We walk across the bridge. Stop in the middle and look down, talk some more. Maybe this night will be special after all. We're both looking down to the passing water pondering

thoughts about the future.

Once again, a piece of carrot is thrown at us, this time followed by foot step noises from the side of the bridge. We can both tell there is a person hiding behind the bushes. I step forward. She tries to stop me. She holds my hand. "Let's just get out of here." I look back at her, she's frightened like a cat. Never missing the opportunity to be dramatic, I hold her hand and say, "It's OK, I'll be right back." I hear more foot noises and by the time I turn around to face my enemy, a dark, naked figure is running away toward the mission. I try to pursue, but she stops me. My blood was boiling. I felt like running and tackling down the short, slightly overweight man who had taken off his white shirt and left it by the bushes to throw us off. I was mad. I felt like stopping him and saying "My name is xxx. You've killed my erection. Prepare to DIE!" But somehow the only thing that comes out of my mouth is "Hey..." It takes a minute for the sheer terror of the situation to reach my head. We both run out of the other side as fast as we can, all the way downtown toward the parking structure.

Something still bothered me far after we were safely away. Maybe it was the sheer indifference of the cop we tried talking to later. Or maybe it was the fact that the fall of our relationship had been foreshadowed so symbolically. I never saw that man again. (never really saw him the first time.) Of course I never went down to the creek late at night either.



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Restless nights

• BY GIL SERY

This is a test of the Emergency Bitching System. If you'd rather not read through some sorry dude's long battle for peace, quiet and the pursuit of a good night's sleep, and all the arrows and injustices that came with it, QUICK, change the channel! Oh that's right, this is a newspaper. Well, read on if you're interested.

Things
that go
bump in the
night
award

There are two things I can't stand: immature brats that are impossible to reason with and hypersensitive people who were probably in the line reserved for dogs when sense of hearing was parceled out at the Pearly Gates. Since September, I have met both. Aaaaah, the joys of student housing. It all began when I moved in with an immature party animal who had no respect for me or my things. He also pranced around the apartment singing "Free Nelson Mandela" at midnight at the top of his voice, when the dude had not only been released for several years but was already heading up a country.

Worst month of my life I tell ya.

So right before I go away on this important business trip, The Powers That Be at Mistake Village tell me that I've complained too much and they're moving me whether I like it or not.

So I spend a whole weekend — and then some — moving my stuff from one end of the complex to the other. I finally settle in and get adjusted to my new surroundings when, two months after I move in, my neighbor starts banging on the wall at 2 o'clock in the morning, yelling at me that my bed squeaks when I toss and turn. (Hmmm...that's interesting...what happened for the first two months I was there?)

There's just one problem: how do you stop something that's in someone's imagination? Either that or she has such hypersensitive hearing that she's the only one who can hear anything.

So, trying to be a good, accommodating neighbor, I



decide to see if I can do something about it. I try turning over sssllloowwwlllyyy. BANG, BANG, BANG, goes the wall. I try another mattress. BANG, BANG, BANG. I even get my folks to drive five hours to see me and bring my mattress from home with them. BANG, BANG, BANG.

In the meantime, the manager of the complex quits (I never did find out what really happened to her, but maybe she just couldn't take the heat) and someone else steps in to take her place. At this point, I've gone to the office so many times to report these incidents that everyone there knows me by name. There's a promise made that the two of us will get together for negotiations, but like the Mideast Peace Talks, this never goes anywhere.

One day I see my neighbor walking around the complex and she gives me this intensely evil stare and says "If you could let me get a decent night's sleep tonight I would

REALLY appreciate it." Meow!!! Kind of catty, I think.

A few weeks later, it's Spring Break and I think to myself, if I have to endure another quarter like that of constant pounding on my wall, that would be cruel and unusual punishment. And the punishment certainly does NOT fit whatever "crime" this woman thinks I've committed.

Eventually, this quarter, this new customer service dude decides that enough is enough. He comes over to my room, totally rearranges it and then goes and does the same thing with this woman's room. Finally, I have my first peaceful night's sleep in months. Everything was going well until recently, when what do I hear? BANG, BANG, BANG. Sigh. The saga continues...

That concludes this broadcast of the Emergency Bitching System. We now return you to your regular, daily lives.

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DESERT from page 4

shaded lights hung over each table and there were no open seats available. After our first couple drinks, we three were rearing to venture into the woods. B-B and Eddy stepped in first and I followed close behind.

The music was fantastic. The lighting — super trippy. I'm feeling great. B-B and Eddy were obviously feeling pretty good themselves ... actually they were feeling up themselves and then each other. She 'n' he dancing together almost made the two of them look straight. Well, maybe not.

OK, it was then I realized the attitude was getting to me.

We all just let loose and freely fell into the heart-pounding grooves of an Albuquerque Wednesday night.

As I'd migrated toward the stage, due to the orbital forces of the dancing forest, I began to notice something rather enticing, rather someone.

He was an exotic looking local-type. He was dressed to a tee — '50s-style yellow knit pullover and slacks. He had black hair, olive complexion and the most enchanting eyes. Perhaps he was half Mexican-American and half Comanche? He appeared to move on a much higher wavelength than did most everyone else in the joint.

I orbited nearer, almost feeling the urge to purposefully dance closer to him — he was obviously family. But there were still about four people in every path between us, and I figured it'd just be such a desperate maneuver. I didn't quite know what to think at this point. I wasn't looking to pursue anything with anyone on this trip, so why would I experience these feelings? With that I gave them up, at least temporarily.

A while later the three of us had returned to our spot on the railing above the round-tables. I began to really scan the scene. People were walking back and forth between tables, talking freely to one another as if this were a microcosm of some larger social cell. There was definitely a predominantly large number of locals assembled, one could just decipher a sense of this phenomenon. Besides, who really vacations in Albuquerque other than me anyway?

As I observed the scene, B-B and Eddy were chatting and catching more of a buzz, and that guy was now dancing next to two of his friends right below me. Then he looked up to catch me looking right back at him.

"Oh shit, Eddy," I said leaning into his left ear, "I just fouled."

"What?" he asked. "You didn't? You couldn't've."

B-B interjected, "I'm gonna go dance."

I continued, "No, really ... I—" "You did not get caught lookin' at some guy!"

"Oh, but I did."

"Sweetie, shame on you. You ought to know better than to do a foolish thing like that," and with that he slapped the top of my right hand.

"So what should I do?" I asked. "What do you mean what should you do?"

"I mean, should I try establishing eye-contact with this guy, or ...?" "Patrick, look at him, OK. He is not very good-looking."

"OK, Eddy, we've already established that you and I have different taste, and that you have particularly bad taste in men."

"Woah-ho-ho-ho, I have bad taste in men?! I have only one mangy word for you: Billy," the

bitch said with quick emphasis, a reference to my most-recent ex at the time.

"OK, one pasty word for you: Taylor ... Now there's one ugly sonofabitch!"

"My Taygies?"

"Yup."

"I can't believe you just said that."

"It's true. I mean, I'm sure he's nice!"

"You dirty bitch. You don't mean that?"

"No, of course not, it's just that the attitude's gettin' to me. I don't think Taylor is ugly," I didn't think that at the time, obviously, because I'd never even met him before. I just wanted to get a rise out of Eddy and he was satisfied with what I told him — my earlier statement was an overstatement of how I just thought he 'n' I found vastly different men attractive. That seemed to have worked.

After we resolved our differences, he noticed that the guy was now looking at me.

"Of course he's looking, along with everyone else who stopped to turn and watch us yell at each other," I said.

"No, but he's really looking at you."

"Really? I mean, really I'm not interested in being sleazy?"

"Turning your head in his general direction isn't sleazy — it just means you're interested in his appearance."

As I turned my head back in Eddy's direction: "What? I wasn't looking at him. I thought I saw B-B down there."

"Um-hum, sure. I actually think — I mean if you want to of course — I think you should pursue this," he said, as he leaned into my ear. "Besides, sweetie, he's looking at you again ... and you're a long way from California."

"Eddy, darling, friend, confidant ... I am seeing someone."

"That's all right. Because Taylor is either in Seattle or traveling to places like Samoa, I ... you know ..."

"What?"

"I see other guys."

"That's different. You sleep with other guys. By the way, I hope you're using—"

"Yes, sweetie, of course I use protection. Anyway, I really think you ought to ask that guy to dance. Look at him, he's a great dancer, and you know you really want to."

"Eddy, how would you know what I want to do right now?"

"Because. And besides, I've known you longer than all your girlfriends — well most of them — and way longer than all your boyfriends you fabulous, wonderful old bitch!"

"Good point."

"So Patrick, how many eye contacts have you counted?"

"OK, six — nope, seven ..."

"That's just the right number, sweetie ... go for it."

"I can't."

"What do you mean you can't?"

"No."

"Patrick, I — dare ya."

"Nope."

"I double-dog dare ya."

"Uh-aww."

"I triple-dog dare ya"

"Don't do this to me."

"You won't even go on a triple-dog dare?"

"No, that's ridiculous. We're 23 years old."

"OK, look. I have a plan. If you go ask him to dance, and you get rejected, just keep walking until you exit the club. I'll grab B-B and we'll find you outside. Besides, it's getting late anyway."

"If you shut up, I actually might be happy to pursue this."

"OK."

"OK."

With that I mustered up enough nerve to ask this guy to dance. I pulled a half-smoked, tightly-rolled joint from my silver cigarette case and lit it with my accompanying World War II, silver trench lighter. After a good swift puff, I walked casually over toward him. He turned from his friends and we caught eyes as I neared. I stopped well within speaking space of him, but not too close, interrupted and asked him if he'd like to join me out on the floor ... He accepted with a: "Yes. Uh, yes I would." He smiled and my rapidly-pounding, blood-pumping organ, which had fallen to the pit of my stomach, finally moved back up into my chest cavity where it belongs.

Upon accepting my proposition, he introduced himself to me as Adrienne, a bit ambiguous, but it's a good Hispanic name, or is it French ... I can't remember.

After having danced a while he admitted, "You know, I was actually this close (a gesture he made by pinching together his pointer and thumb) to asking you to dance ... you know, when you were over there," he said and pointed to the spot where I'd first noticed him.

I thought to myself, "Nice," and broke a tooth-bearing smile.

The next day, after a Thanksgiving lunch at Eddy's roommate's boyfriend's parent's house, and a 13-round game of telephone at the table following the meal, with the whole famn damily of course, we gave them our offerings of thanks "foi da toiky in Albuquerque."

We rushed back to Eddy's at my bidding to check his voice-mail messages. Adrienne and I exchanged numbers on matchbooks, and he was to call regarding a possible first date for the evening.

Sure enough he'd called ... as did my passionate friend from California.

I returned the first message first, which just so happened to be from Adrienne, but he wasn't home so I just left him a few words in his box. Then I called my passionate friend. It was good to hear his voice, but troubling to hear what it had to say.

"It's been raining here since the day you left," he said.

Then "BOOP," I was getting another call ... it was Adrienne.

"Hey, watcha up to?" he asked.

"Uh, nada mucho ..." Figuring it'd sound bad to say, "Uh, let me get off the line with my passionate friend," I just told him I'd call him back in a minute or two.

Meanwhile, B-B and Eddy were peaking through the cracked door, acknowledging the fact that I'd been spanked by Karma.

"Who's on the phone, Patrick?!"

Eddy called cupping his mouth with one hand just to be extra annoying. "Is it Mr. Passionate? Or is it Adrienne? Or is it —"

"Eddy! Shut the fuck up and get the fuck out!"

To make a much longer story a little shorter, I left Albuquerque Nov. 30, 1997, very enriched by my new acquaintance. Actually it was because of him I returned the fourth time — we just longed to see one another again. All I can remember about being back for New Year's are blurs of forest, color, passion, ecstasy and loss. Whether it was loss of interest or path, I'm still just trying to piece it all back together. Regardless, things have worked out they way they ought.

Patrick Stone is really Mustang Daily Copy Editor Brad Davis, who's still a long way from a lot of places.



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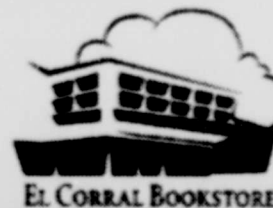
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TOILET from page 2

and tennis shoes, that was a different story.

Into the morning he sat, peering out the oval frame of the toilet seat. His feet sloshed and stuck to the pile built up around him. He reveled in its chocolatey texture. He couldn't see the day begin, or the sun rise over the hillside. Instead he was interested in catching a glimpse of the moons that would shine above him.

Day broke and the cove became alive with happy faces and visitors, kids with beach toys and moms with lunch bags. A woman headed to the bathroom, and after her another. Underneath, catching the fall was a man, unbeknownst to the women relieving themselves. Finally, a man standing outside the stalls saw movement through the airspace between the box and the septic tank below, bringing an end to the peeper's tyranny.

"We got the call that a man had seen someone in there, so we went to pull him out," the ranger said. "We told him to come out and he did without hesitating. Then he laid down on the ground. There was no water in the area so we had to bring out the water truck to

hose him off. He wasn't clean at any point before they took him off to county jail."

The problem I had with this shitty experience was the trust these women seemed to have in their state's outhouses. I have to look down before I hop on. Not to enjoy the scenery, but to make sure there are no spiders or snakes or creepy crawlies waiting to climb up my ass.

Peeping Tom was a registered nurse at the time of his potty-peeping incident. According to his court file, he was suspended from his position and investigated by the nursing board.

His bathroom habits passed by fairly unpublicized after his outhouse incident caught many by surprise. After the story made small-point headlines for two days in the Telegram-Tribune, the case was flushed through the courts.

The People of the State of California vs. Peeping Tom went as follows: eight pleas of no contest to misdemeanor counts including loitering in and around public toilets, engaging in lewd conduct in a public place and in public view, three counts of molestation for annoying a child and three counts of degrading, lewd, immoral and

vicious habits and practices in the presence of a child.

He was given three years probation and 60 days in custody. He was also ordered by the court to "not be in or around Montaña de Oro State Park or any public rest room."

Ten years later, a lot has changed including the toilets in Spooner's cove. The new cans have a few improvements, look a little more difficult to penetrate, but maintain the same rustic, pooppy look that their predecessors were known for.

Many of the faces around the park have changed too, along with the addresses and phone numbers of several of the participants involved in the sordid tale. I was unable to track down the real peeper, although I did manage to piss off a few men who shared his name.

Like any story, there was a moral, and the man who pointed, wiped his head and took deep breaths while trying to explain it to me knew it best.

"We're OK," the ranger said reassuringly, probably directed more at himself than at me. "After this happened people began to think 'I'm OK,' you know? 'You're OK. We are all OK.'"

Bathroom reading

Telegram-Tribune, August 7, 1987:

To the editor,

I have been following the stories about the Montaña de Oro outhouse Peeping Tom with disbelief and some amusement.

If the lewdness charge is a shaky one, he may do better to plead "insanitary" and get off clean.

—Wanda Lo
Los Osos

These days, Lo lives comfortably in her Los Osos home. Her poetic justice and memories of Peeping Tom were long tucked away since 10 years ago when she followed the saga in the local papers.

Her letter spoke for the many fishermen and residents around the area. The incident was looked at in disbelief and handled with humor; as it will be for a long while.

"Some stories just demand a response," Lo said.

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Peeping at loud and lewd neighbors

By SAM NEGLEY

The clock just passed midnight, and I was sitting in front of my television, sipping white wine and eating cheese and crackers. The curtain to my second-story balcony had been left open from earlier that evening when I was watching the sunset over the ocean; the waves were crashing against the pier and the water was glistening...what a gorgeous sight.

Just then, I realized I was being watched.

It was the girl next door — that blonde who lives in the slums below me; those one-story apartments that look like they're just about ready to be torn down.

I looked down at the girl, who can't be a day over 25, and she looked away. I could barely see her since she was only silhouetted by her dim front porch light. Suddenly, she squatted down in front of her porch, pulled her pants down and proceeded to take a piss.

Was I really seeing this? Or was it the wine that, suddenly, I didn't feel like finishing?

Sure, even I have been guilty of peeing in an empty parking lot, late nights after the bars have closed and I just can't wait to get to the bathroom, shielded only by my car door while my friend leaves the motor running.

But right in front of her own door step?

Since I moved into my cozy apartment in Pismo Beach, "Blondie" has been the topic of many discussions between my roommate and I.

Blondie, with her wavy, bleached blonde hair and her sunken-in blue eyes, stands about 5 feet 5 inches and weighs about 130 pounds. Not a bad figure for a mom with two kids, or anyone for that matter.

She hardly ever wears shoes, which is amazing in light of her bathroom habits, and neither do her children.



Fast food seems to be the predominant meal around the Blondie household; just what every growing child needs.

On top of all her assets, Blondie is also lucky enough to have a boyfriend.

When Blondie's boyfriend, "Asshole" rolls in at about 3 in the afternoon, the girls immediately run over to his Barney-colored Chevy truck to see what he's been doing all day.

Later that night, or at about 3 the next morning, Asshole usually decides to let the entire neighbor-

hood know what he's been doing all day — drinking.

Do you know what it's like to go to bed with the sound of the ocean swaying peacefully in the distance, and wake up to the sounds of shouting from your next door neighbors, night after night?

"FUCK YOU!"

"FUCK YOU," Blondie replies.

"I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!"

"GO AHEAD AND TRY, ASSHOLE!" Blondie says. (Oh, so that is his name.)

This is a change from the usual banter in the daytime:

"Don't I look good today?" Blondie asks Asshole.

"I know I do," she says, without waiting for a reply.

But it's night time, now.

The children are no doubt awake.

I hear the sound of a truck peeling out, suddenly hitting something. And someone is yelling.

"OUCH! GODDAMMIT! YOU RAN OVER MY FOOT, YOU BASTARD!" (I thought his name was Asshole.) It's not Blondie. It's someone else who likes to shout out obscenities in the middle of the night.

My roommate's boyfriend, who is sleeping over (as usual), goes outside to make sure that his car hasn't been hit. It's fine. He goes back to bed.

The police are well-acquainted with the Blondie residence.

"We got a call about a noise complaint."

"Blondie residence?"

"10-4."

Today, everything is back to normal. Blondie is yelling at her daughters, who often play in my front yard. They could be about 6 or 7 years old. They could be twins.

They are young and beautiful, both blonde with blue eyes, and smiles as wide as the ocean. They have been quarreling over something or another, as girls do.

"YOU TWO KNOW I HATE WHEN YOU DO THAT," Blondie yells.

See NEIGHBORS page 11



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Talkin' Cal Poly Blues

BY BEN ROSS

The other night I had a dream. It was a scary dream. I was hanging out with 16,000 other Cal Poly students in a pit. While President Baker was giving a speech, a bird came up to me and asked if I wanted a ride. Not being a man of many questions, I said, "sure." I grabbed one of the bird's legs, and off we went.

Poop
on a Pepsi
award

We flew right over President Baker's house. First thing I noticed was the beautiful flowers, green grass, and the department secretaries working hard. Musta gotten that pay raise. Now President Baker was in a lounge chair in the yard, sippin' on a Sapphire G & T, mumbling in a half-asleep state, "alcohol is allowed at the PAC because outside groups wanted alcohol to be available in this controlled setting."

Whew!! I woke up from this weird dream, took a deep breath, drank a few sips of 7-Up, and went back to sleep.

Well, when I fell asleep, I started having that crazy dream again. This time the bird started asking me questions. The bird asked me if I liked Cal Poly.

I said, "yeah, but it could be better."

"Oh yeah," replied the bird.

"Uh huh," I started, "I'm having trouble getting classes."

This time the bird gave me some wise advice: "You need to give more money to President Baker in order to get what you want. Look at the outside folks who helped build the PAC, and help pay for athletics."

I retorted, "I already give Cal Poly all my money! What's left over is taken by the banks for all those damn ATM fees. I got holes in my shoes, my clothes are old, even my cat complains it needs more money."

Then the bird asked how I planned on getting down. I told the bird to drop me off at my car, the one with out-of-state plates.

"Oh," the bird said, "the car with three parking tickets, parked in the staff spot because they closed the general lot for the PAC?"

"Yep, that's the one," I replied. The bird snorted back, "if you ain't got no money, I gotta let you go."

"Well," I said, "California is the land of hard knocks."

I suppose I shoulda asked more questions. I thanked the bird for the great trip.

The bird let go of me in mid-air, and as it flew off, the bird just said, "good luck!" and defecated on a Pepsi machine. But, right before I hit the ground, I awoke. I was alone, this bird had flown.



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DISGRACE from page 3

she placed her crown on the unsuspecting, innocent little scout heads one-by-one.

I watched Miss America from across the room. She moved from camera lens to camera lens. In-between flashes, she'd automatically turn the charm off, then back on, like some sort of robot.

Was I the only one who wasn't impressed with this charade? Was I the only one not taking mental notes to remember to enroll my future children, nieces, granddaughters, goddaughters and neighbors' kids and their dogs in the most prestigious and moral beauty pageant in the world?

Could no one see the utter hypocrisy of this beauty? I wondered how many evening gowns she sabotaged to win the contest.

OK, enough was enough. I had to expose this injustice! I walked to the end of the stage as she made her way down the three steeps and out of the public's eye — the press, my dear, has come to take you away....ha ha ha ha ha....

She sneered when she saw my tape recorder and quickly called over her publicist. "Is it OK if I talk to this reporter?" she asked.

"OK. But you've got a long trip ahead of you," Grandma said. "Very quickly, what are you going to ask her?"

I looked at the little old lady for a second, blankly. What I really wanted to know was how long it took to put on Miss America's makeup. Instead, I looked up at the towering queen and in turn, she gave me her camera-ready smile — the one so fake it screamed years of dedicated mirror study.

What came out of my mouth, as I shoved my tape recorder in her face, ended up being some cliché about how does it feel... or, what it is like to.... I paid no attention to her answer before she mumbled something about the reason she decided to choose AIDS awareness as her philanthropy being because her father's brother was sick with the disease and as she held his quivering hand, slowly losing the warmth of life, she realized this hit close to home.

But her face was more interesting to look at: raven black hair, slicked back and tied in a twist on her head, large green eyes accentuated by brown and purple eyeshadow and a thick coating of black mascara, blemish-free white skin colored by stripes of pink blush. She looked like a wax figure come alive, telling everyone her year's mission was a noble cause — but really, the glint in her eye told more stories of deceit than honor. One who preaches chastity to nine- and ten-year-olds must have some seedy issues buried deep in her closet.

So I got the quote, though I don't

know what she said and made my way toward the exit of the Forum.

Just when I thought my mission had ended, I felt my tape recorder being torn from my hand. I whipped around to find Miss America hysterically fumbling to get my cassette out of the machine. She proceeded to rip out its innards. My mouth dropped to my shoes. "My publicist said I can't be published in this context." I stared at her in disbelief — it was like physical blasphemy, my tape recorder, touched by the untouchable. I reached for her hand holding the unraveled tape, but she jerked away and instead my hand grazed her face. I smeared her makeup with my fingers and I could see the tears well up in her eyes. My hands were stained now: brown, purple red and pink. Where the makeup came off showed her true colors, green and scaly from underneath. She exploded in a sprint in the opposite direction, leaving me dumfounded, staring at my tape recorder, broken in large pieces on the paisley carpet.

My visit with the empress of wholesomeness was over.

My stomach growled, and I realized I should've eaten that pizza.

Hadshi "She-ra" Hebley is really Shoshana Hebley, a journalism senior and Mustang Daily News editor who secretly flies bi-monthly to Atlantic City to binge on sex, gambling and cheap make-up products.

NEIGHBORS from page 9

The children continue arguing between themselves, almost as if she wasn't there.

"Why are you both so STUPID and UGLY?" Blondie continues.

The girls continue speaking over her, until all of their voices are indistinguishable from one another.

As public concern rises, someone decides it's time to step in. Finally, I've had enough. I go to my balcony and

say:

"HEY, BLONDIE! Quit yelling at your children, and quit yelling at your boyfriend in the middle of the night, and tell him to quit yelling at you, and quit peeing on your front porch, and quit acting like you just walked off the set of the Jerry Springer Show, goddammit!"

Then I wake up...to the sound of shouting in the middle of the night.

It's Blondie and her boyfriend. They've been drinking again.

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